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THE

Scotch Prophecy,

BEING AN

IMITATION

OF THE

PROPHECY of NEREVS.

*From Horace Book I. Ode XV.*

AS *Mar* his Round one Morning took,  
( Whom some call Earl, and some call Duke )  
and his new Brethren of the Blade,  
liv'ring with Fear and Frost survey'd,  
in *Perth's* bleak Hills he chanc'd to spy  
an Aged Wizard six Foot high,  
with bristled Hair, and Visage blighted,  
all-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and Second-sighted.

A

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The grizly Sage in Thought profound  
Beheld the Chief with Back so Round,  
Then roll'd his Eye-balls to and fro  
O'er his paternal Hills of Snow,  
And into these tremendous Speeches  
Broke forth the Prophet without Breeches.

Into what Ills betray'd, by Thee,  
This Auncient Kingdom do I see!  
Her Realms un-peopled and forlorn!  
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!  
Proud *English* Loons (our Clans o'ercome)  
On *Scottish* Pads shall amble home;  
I see them drest in Bonnets blue,  
(The Spoils of thy rebellious Crew)  
I see the Target, cast away,  
And chequer'd Plad become their Prey,  
The chequer'd Plad to make a Gown  
For many a Lads in *London* Town.

In vain thy hungry Mountaineers  
Come forth in all their warlike Geers,  
The Shield, the Pistol, Durk, and Dagger,  
In which they daily wont to fwagger,  
And oft have fally'd out to pillage  
The Hen-roosts of some peaceful Village,  
Or, while their Neighbours were asleep,  
Have carry'd off a Low-Land Sheep.

What boots thy high-born Host of Beggars,  
*Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,*  
 With Popish Cut-throats, perjur'd *Ruffians,*  
 And *Forster's* Troop of *Raggamuffins?*

In vain thy Lads around thee bandy,  
 Inflam'd with Bag-pipe and with Brandy.  
 Doth not bold *Sutherland* the trusty,  
 With Heart so true, and Voice so rusty,  
 (A loyal Soul) thy Troops affright,  
 While hoarsely he demands the Fight?  
 Do'st thou not gen'rous *Lay* dread,  
 The bravest Hand the Wisest Head?  
 Undaunted do'st thou bear th' Alarms  
 Of hoary *Athole* sheath'd in Arms?

*Douglas*, who draws his Lineage down  
 From *Thanes* and *Peers* of high Renown,  
 Fiery, and young, and uncontrol'd:  
 With Knights, and Squires, and Barons bold,  
 (His noble Household-Band) advances,  
 And on his Milk-white Courser prances,  
 Thee *Forfar* to the Combat dares,  
 Grown swarthy in *Iberian* Wars:  
 And *Monroe* kindled into Rage  
 Sow'rly defies thee too engage:  
 He'll rout thy Foot though ne'er so many,  
 And Horse to boot—if thou had'st any.

But



But see *Argyle* with watchful Eyes,  
 Lodg'd in his deep Intrenchment lies,  
 Couch'd like a Lion in thy way,  
 He waits to spring upon his Prey;  
 While like a Herd of tim'rous Deer.  
 Thy Army shakes and pants with Fear.  
 Led, by their doughty Gen'ral's Skill,  
 From *Frith* to *Frith*, from Hill to Hill.

Is thus thy haughty Promise pay'd  
 That to the *Chevalier* was made,  
 When thou didst Oaths and Duty barter,  
 For Dukedom, Gen'ralship, and Garter?  
 Three Moons thy *Jammy* shall command,  
 With Highland Scepter in his Hand,  
 Too good for his Pretended Birth,

— Then down shall fall the King of *Perth*.

'Tis so decreed : for *GEORGE* shall Reign,  
 And Traitors be forsworn in vain.  
 Heav'n shall for ever on him smile,  
 And bless him still with an *Argyle*.  
 While Thou, pursu'd by vengeful Foes,  
 Condemn'd to barren Rocks and Snows,  
 And hinder'd passing *Inverlochy*,  
 Shalt burn thy Clan, and curse poor *Jocke*.

*Dublin* : Re-printed, and Sold by *Thomas Humes* in  
*Copper-Alley*. MDCCXVI.